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and **TRIGGER**



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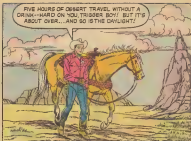
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Roy Rogers

KING OF THE COWBOYS

THE TWO STRANGERS



THE NARROW PASSAGE AHEAD ACTS AS A SOUND BARRIER, CARRYING TWO VOICES TO ONLY A COARSE ONE AND A SMOOTH ONE.



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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS





"DON'T DRINK TOO MUCH AT ONCE, TRIGGER. WE'LL CAMP HERE TONIGHT--AND HIT FOR LONGHORN IN THE MORNING!"

TWO DAYS LATER--IN THE OFFICE OF SHERIFF BOB MARSH, OF LONGHORN COUNTY...



"NOW, I'M STILL BOTHERED SOME ABOUT THOSE TWO STRANGERS YOU RAN INTO AT BOX CANYON SPRING, NIGHT BEFORE LAST!"

"SO AM I--A LITTLE, SHERIFF BOB! MAINLY, BECAUSE I KNOW I'VE HEARD THAT SOFT BASSITY VOICE SOMEWHERE BEFORE!"



"IF WE COULD ONLY GUESS WHAT SKEL-DUGGER THEY WERE PLANNING--HURRY! THE PHONE!"

BOO-A-A-AT?



"WHAA-A-AT? THE BLEEKER BANK ROBBED OF TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND?"

"YEAH--THIS MORN'N! HALF AN HOUR AGO--"



"... BY A LOVE BANDIT? HE KNOCKED OUT THE CASHIER, A CLERK AND A CUSTOMER WITH HIS GUN BUTT, AND BOGE OFF WITH THE CASH-- PLUMB UNKNOWN! WHO'S BLUING-HARD-- RIPPING OUT ALL TRACKS!"



"ANYBODY GESSING THE ROBBERS?"

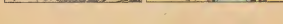
"NOPE! ONLY THE CASHIER, PETE BARN, HAS COME TO--AND ALL HE CAN SAY IS, 'DEAR ME! DEAR ME! I CAN'T REMEMBER!'"







THE
BIG MAN'S
MOMENTUM
CARRIES THEM
BOTH CLEAR
OF THE
DOORWAY.







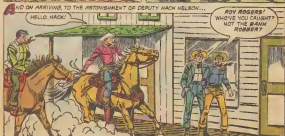


BOY COUNTERS WITH A 'FLYING MARE' ...



...AND STEPS AHEAD QUICKLY, AS SEBLY LEADS!

BOY HARD KICK SENDS THE REAR END BRANNING!







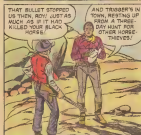
Roy Rogers

KING OF THE
COWBOYS

THE HORSE THIEVES' TRAIL



MINUTES LATER, A HIDDEN RIFLE CRACKS--AND ROY'S HIRED HORSE STUMBLES, IN MID-GALLOP!















WITHOUT WARNING, THE GOOD KICKS OVER THE COFFEE-POT, BLANKETING THE SCENE WITH STEAM AND SMOKE.



BUT THE SUDDEN DARKENING OF THE TUNNEL HELPS ROY, TOO! PRONE, HE FIRES AT THE GUN-FLASHES...

THUNDER OF SIX-GUNS SHAKES THE TUNNEL!



...AND SCORES!



BULLET GRABS A
WRIST, PUTTING ONE
GUN OUT OF ACTION...
AND ITS OWNER
BUMPS INTO A LIVE
COAL!





DRAWN BY THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE, A SEVENTH GANGSTER ENTERS THE TUNNEL—CAUTIOUS, YET READY!



A STEP AT A TIME, HE ROUNDS THE TUNNEL'S BEND, PISTOL COCKED!



SUDDENLY HIS LEGS ARE KNOCKED FROM UNDER HIM...



WHIRLING BEFORE THE MAN CAN RECOVER, BULLET GRABS HIS GUN HAND SHAKING IT TILL THE WEAPON FALLS.



HIS PISTOL HISSLES WHIRLING LIKE SERPENT HEADS, BOY COVERS ALL POSSIBILITIES.

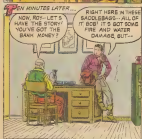


YARR! GRR-RRRRRR!



NEXT DAY, AT NOON, DOWN LONGHORN'S MAIN STREET...





BREED of the PIONEERS

TOP HAND

Jig Porter was a spindly-shanked boy of seventeen, but he was trying hard to look like a man as he spoke to Tad Collins, owner of the Muleshoe outfit. "Look, Mr. Collins," he said, "I've been the cook's helper for a year now and—"

Collins' craggy face broke into a smile. "All right, Jig, I remember my promise. You can tell the cook I'm getting him a new helper. Starting tomorrow, Gabe Simms is going to break you in as a fence rider."

In the midst of a grin, the boy's face was suddenly ludicrous in disappointment. "But, Mr. Collins, you and the boys are starting on a trail drive. I was hoping—"

Collins put a fatherly hand about Jig's shoulders. "Look, son, a trail drive is no work for a beginner. Herding a bunch of foot-loose steers up to Abilene is a job for a top hand."

As Jig turned toward the cook shack his hopes were in ashes. They were making him a fence rider.

Then, in mid-stride, he turned to look at the corral where shouting, cheering men were watching Hop Macon break a mustang colt. Slowly, Jig's jaw set. Some day he would be in that mustang's saddle.

In the months that followed, Jig got to know every fence post on the Muleshoe range. His hands grew calloused with the use of fence pliers. An intimate acquaintance with wire stretchers and post hole diggers helped to pad out the muscles in his shoulders. Like other fence riders he spent his lonely days at the wilderness of brush-filled ravines.

In those long months, Jig came to feel that he would never fulfill his dream of becoming a "top hand"—not while he remained on the Muleshoe. Collins had him pegged as a fence

rider—unworthy of any higher trust. And it was with that thought that Jig saddled his pony one fine spring day and turned back toward the ranch house, fully determined to find Collins and ask for his time.

It was near the Alkali Flats at the south end of the spread that Jig saw the break in the fence. The tracks in the dust told the story. Forty, maybe fifty head of cattle had spilled through that break. Even at that moment they were probably heading for the mad tangle of brush-filled canyons and ravines that lay to the south. In an instant, Jig had forgotten all thought of quitting his job. From what he could make of the sign, there was still a chance of overtaking those cattle before they were gone for good. A chance—if he would act at once.

Short moments later, Jig had repaired the fence and was heading south on the trail of the strays. Hour after hour, he clung to the dusty trail, his eyes searching the heat haze on the horizon. Then, on the very edge of the canyon country he spotted them, just as he'd figured. There were fifty head of prime white-face stock that Collins had bought only a month before, planning to breed up his herd.

The cattle were skittish and Jig was dog-tired but somehow he managed to turn them northward and start them back to the Muleshoe line. It wasn't until the next day that they reached the home range. And, as Jig cut the wire again and wearily herded the cattle back through the fence, Tad Collins rode up. It was only then that Jig remembered what he'd planned to say the next time he met the Boss.

"Mr. Collins," Jig began—

But Collins interrupted him. "Been looking for you, Jig," he said. "We're herding a bunch of stuff up to Abilene this week. I figured I could use another 'top hand'."

"Now, what was it you were going to say, Jig?" added the Muleshoe boss.

A long, slow grin spread over the boy's face as he mounted into the saddle. "That's all right, Mr. Collins," he answered. "It's all settled now."

CHUCKWAGON CHARLEY'S TALES







"I WAS OUT ON A DEER HUNT IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS,
WHEN MY HORSE STEPPED SPURS INTO A HORNET'S
NEST! AS THEY CAME BOILING OUT—"



"—I GOT SUCKED OFF! MY HORSE WAS TWO RODS
AWAY BEFORE I HIT THE BRIT, AND HE KEPT ON GOING!



"MY CATSIE BEGAN TO BUCK LIKE A BORN OUTLAW!
AND WHAT WITH GETTING STUNG AND TRYING TO GET
HIM QUIET—"

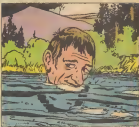


"AND SO DID I— AS SOON AS I COULD GET TO MY
FEET! I SAW WATER, NOT FAR AWAY, AND HEADED
FOR IT

"I AIMED FOR THE BOTTOM---AND HOPED THESE WHITE MOUNTAIN HORNETS HADN'T LEARNED HOW TO DIVE!"



"THE THIRD TIME I CAME UP FOR AIR, THEY HAD ALL GONE!"



"I HAD A LONG, LONG WALK AHEAD OF ME TO REACH CAMP---SO I LOST NO TIME IN STARTING! RESIDES, WALKING HELPED ME TO FORGET THE STINGS."

"THE SUN WAS SETTING LOW IN THE WEST, WHEN I HEARD SOME ODDER SOUNDS, JUST BEYOND A THicket? I PULLED MY BOLT GUN."



"---THINKING IT MIGHT BE MEAT? IT WAS--- BUT IN NIGHT'S POOR CONDITION! TWO WICK BEER HAD THEIR HORNS LOCKED, FIGHTING! THEY'D NEED THAT WAY FOR DAYS WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER!"

"ONE WAS TOO WEAK TO STAND? I TOOK PITY ON THEM--- FIGURED THE ONLY DECENT THING TO DO WAS TO GET THEM FREE."

"WITH A HEAVY STICK OF DEAD WOOD, I WALLOPED THOSE LOOKED ANYLERS WHERE THE TINES HAD CAUGHT? THEY CAME APART---"



"I TORMED MY CLUB AWAY
AND HALF TURNED TO GO---"



"THAT BUCK STILL HAD UNBELIEVABLE STRENGTH IN HIM, AND HE WAS STILL CRAZY MAD! BEFORE I KNEW IT, HE'D PUSHED ME RIGHT TO THE EDGE OF A 'THIRTY-FOOT' DROP!"

"--- AND THE STRONGEST BUCK JUST STOOD THERE--- AS IF HE HAD TOO SURPRISED TO MOVE."



"WHEN THE CRITTER RAMMED ME? I HAD JUST TIME TO GRAB THOSE BAYNET-SHARP TINES, AIMED AT MY STOMACH!"



"BETWEEN HIS PUSHING AND MY WEIGHT PULLING DOWN, WE BOTH WENT OVER!"



"MY LANDING WAS PLUMB LUCKY--- IN THE TOP OF A YOUNG FIR TREE, WHICH SAVED ME FROM BROKEN BONES."



"THE ROCK LOST OUT! LANDING AMONGST SOME BOULDERS, HE'D BROKEN HIS NECK."

"I WAS SCRATCHED UP AND BRUISED, LIKE I'D BEEN IN A FIGHT WITH A BEAR--- BUT I COULD STILL WALK TOWARDS CAMP, AND HOPE I'D MAKE IT."



"MY HUNTING PARTNERS NEVER DO LEARN THE STORY--- THEY'D NEVER HAVE LET ME LIVE IT DOWN! BUT I'D LEARNED MY LESSON."



DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

PS

GINSENG



In the 1700's, it was discovered that the ginseng plant grew wild in American forests. Soon afterward, hundreds of ginseng hunters were roaming ever farther westward in search of the valuable plant. Like the beaver trapper and buffalo hunter, the ginseng hunter often was the first white man to see large areas of this country and many of them made important discoveries. Soon, American pioneers learned to use the ginseng root to cure stomach-aches and other kinds of stomach disorders. Many a pioneer family hunted ginseng to help them tide over a difficult time when ranching or farming was paying poorly.

Great shipments of wild ginseng root were sent to China from America. The market was particularly good in that country because the Chinese thought that drinking ginseng tea helped to ward off old age. One Chinese gentleman, who drank ginseng tea every day, is said to have lived 256 years.

In China, the root of the ginseng plant is still used as medicine. It is ground up and dissolved in hot water much like tea. It is claimed that ginseng helps to cure everything from aches in the bones to nervous disorders and heart disease.

The ginseng usually grows in the mountains near springs or other sources of moisture. It grows in shaded areas, usually under an overhanging cliff or under the shadow of big trees. It will not grow where bright sunlight can reach it and it must have a constant supply of water.



2 Great offers by Cracker Jack



A Genuine 2 piece JUDY JANE
DOLL DRESS FOR YOUR
FAVORITE DOLL
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Fill out the coupon right away — then mail it with 25¢ in coin and a Cracker Jack package label. You'll receive a fine quality Judy Jane doll dress with pattern as pictured here. It's beautifully made and complete with buttons and buttonholes. Butterfly tie — all seams turned — no raw edges — trim neatly sewed. Doll comes up to 18 inches tall. Also entitles you to full membership in Cracker Jack Doll Dress of the Month Club.



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HANDSOME
IDENTIFICATION BRACELET



QUEST! SEND FOR YOURS TODAY

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Enclosed is one Cracker Jack label and 25¢ in coin. Send me
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(For Names Wanted on Bracelet)
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